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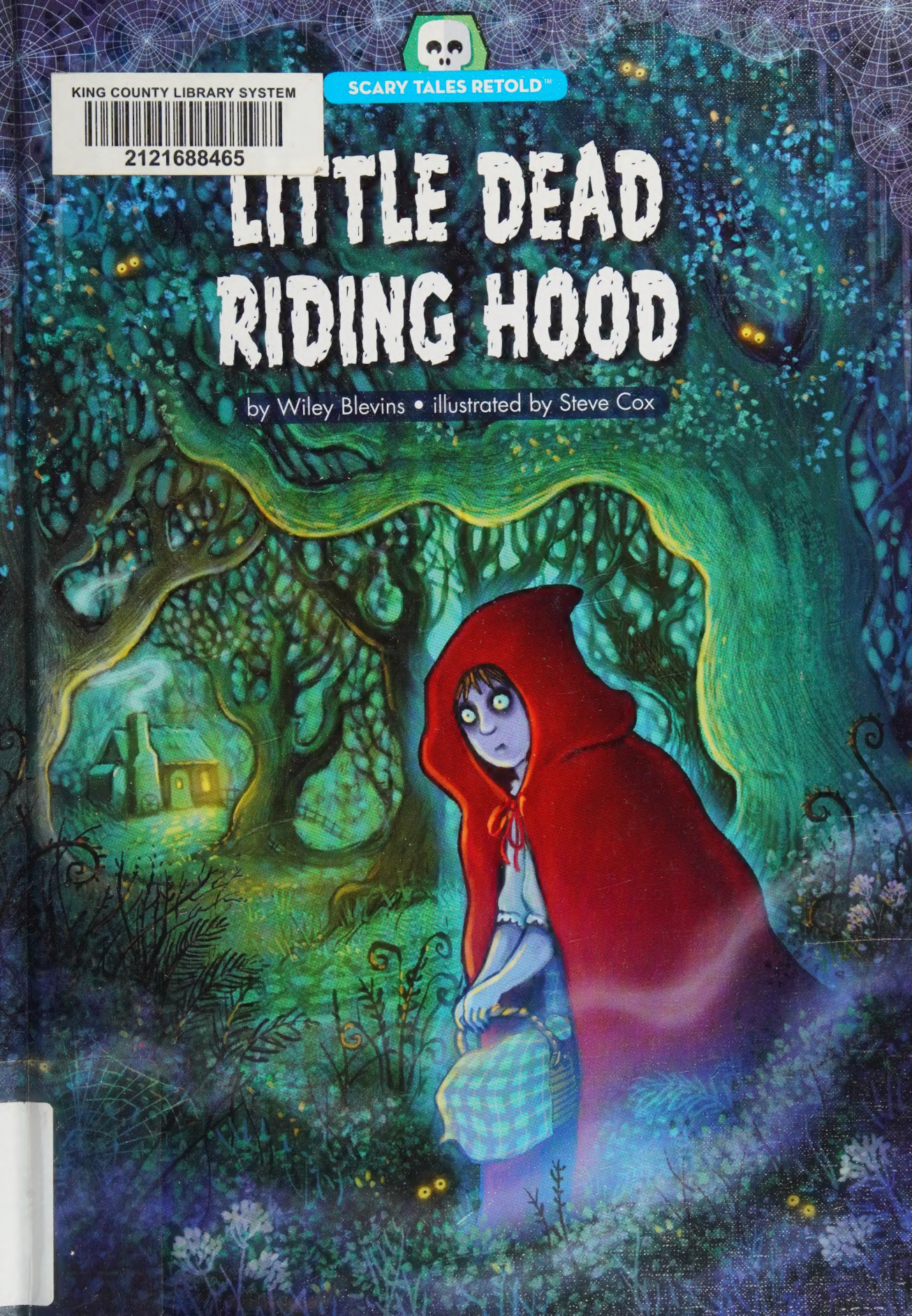


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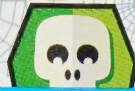
SCARY TALES RETOLD™

LITTLE DEAD RIDING HOOD

by Wiley Blevins • illustrated by Steve Cox



OCT 2016



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About the Author

Wiley Blevins has taught elementary school in both the United States and South America. He has also written over 70 books for children and 15 for teachers, as well as created reading programs for schools in the U.S. and Asia with Scholastic, Macmillan/McGraw-Hill, Houghton-Mifflin Harcourt, and other publishers. Wiley currently lives and writes in New York City.

About the Artist

Steve Cox lives in London, England. He first designed toys and packaging for other people's characters. But he decided to create his own characters and turned full time to illustrating. When he is not drawing books he plays lead guitar in a rock band.

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"Unlike the classic Grimm's tale told to children for centuries, our heroine never makes it past the Wolf in Grandma's clothing. In this grim retold tale, Little Dead Riding Hood joins forces with the Wolf to trap unsuspecting boys and girls deep in the forest."--Provided by publisher.

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In a village long ago, there lived a little girl. She always wore a red hood. So the people in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, the little girl went to visit her grandmother. She lived in a small hut in the forest. A hungry wolf put on her grandmother's clothes.





He tricked Little Red Riding Hood. Then the wolf ate her with one big CHOMP!

The people in the village thought that was the end of Little Red Riding Hood. But they were wrong.

Dead wrong.



One day, another little girl went into the forest. She was there to pick flowers for her mother.



As she bent down, she heard a noise.
It sounded like soft footsteps. A shiver, like a
hundred spiders, crawled up her back. Afraid
it was the wolf, she slowly turned to see . . .



A girl in a red hood. But instead of a
face, she saw only two glowing red eyes.
And glowing yellow teeth.

A voice like the wind whispered.
In the woods,
A red hood on my head,
I met the big wolf,
And now I'm dead.
Who will be next?





The little girl shot out of the forest.
She ran through the village screaming.
Everyone gathered to hear what had happened.



“The ghost of Little Red Riding Hood warned me. She saved me from the wolf,” the little girl said.



After that day, children who went into
the forest sang a song to ask for Little
Red Riding Hood's help.

*Dead Riding Hood,
Dead Riding Hood,
Come out to play.
Dead Riding Hood,
Dead Riding Hood,
Keep the wolf away.*



Over time, children got less afraid. One day, a group of boys went into the forest to play. The boys set out to build a huge fort.



“What about Dead Riding Hood?” asked the smallest boy.

The other boys laughed. “There’s nothing to fear. Come. We need to get the sticks and stones for our fort.”





So the boys went farther into the woods.
They spread out. In time, the smallest boy
could not see or hear the other boys. Just
then a voice like the wind whispered.

*In the woods,
A red hood on my head,
I met the big wolf,
And now I'm dead.
Who will be next?*

And there stood Dead Riding Hood.





“The wolf must be near,” said the boy.
He raced toward the edge of the forest.
“No,” moaned Dead Riding Hood.

“Then where should I run?” he asked. Dead
Riding Hood pointed deeper into the forest.



The boy ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Around big rocks. Over little streams. And into the darkest part of the woods. There he came upon a large cave.



“Go inside,” said Dead Riding Hood.

“I can hide from the wolf in there,” said the boy. “Thank you.” Then he slid into the dark, dark cave.



The boy looked around. A pair of glowing red eyes stared back at him. Suddenly, he felt something grab his arm. It dragged him to the back of the cave. And there, beside a big cooking pot, sat . . .



The wolf.

The wolf looked at Dead Riding Hood.
“You brought me such a tasty treat this time.
Good girl.”



Dead Riding Hood smiled with her glowing yellow teeth. Then she floated out of the cave in search of another little boy or girl.

WHO WILL BE NEXT?





NOT FOR BEDTIME READING

These non-traditional fairy tales have been retold for the bravest young readers. Haunted and creepy, each book in the series changes the way you will forever think of these classic tales.



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